

Harry Potter You Want Me to Do Friggin What?

by AussieFFaddict

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 16:50:58

Updated: 2016-04-13 16:50:58

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:40:18

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,502

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The old cliche. Harry goes back in time... This time however, Harry is not impressed that he has been Tapped. And he is not afraid to let everyone know about it. Lots of swearing and cursing. Massively bad attitude. Lots of bashing Hopefully this will be different enough for you to enjoy reading. Please review, but with constructive criticisms.

Harry Potter You Want Me to Do Friggin What?

G'day and welcome to my newest story. This is a more traditional HP story that (hopefully) has a slightly different spin on the usual time travel story.

**This Harry has a lot of attitude, a lot of issues and will not take shit from anyone. **

If pairings happen it will probably be h/hr/l1, and it will cover as much as it needs too.

Please review as I would really like to hear your opinions on how the story is going.

Just like in Help From Beyond (which is still ongoing â€“ this plot bunny just popped into my head today and wouldn't quit), this story will have an insane amount of swearing in it (if the title didn't give it away already).

You have been warned!

Not mine!

Chapter 1

"Get up you freak" was the first thing I heard, quickly followed by what I'm guessing was a kick to the door

I went from asleep to totally awake instantly and sat bolt upright

only to feel an intense pain as my forehead connected with something.

"Fuck me." I yelled in sudden pain as I fell backwards onto a hard surface. What the fuck was that? I wondered to myself as I lay there with my hands now pressed to my throbbing forehead and waited for the spinning to stop.

While this was going on, I heard the sound of something heavy running above my head which only got louder until it was practically right above me.

I felt dust and debris rain down on my upturned face as who it was seemed to jumping down stairs directly above me. I heard another kick to what I am still assuming was a door of some kind as whoever it was ran past where I was lying.

"Oh you have got be fucking kidding me." My brain finally fought through the slowly lessening pain in my head and put together the clues that it had subconsciously processed in the last two minutes.

Muscle memory kicked in and with my eyes held tightly closed, I reached out a hand and grasped a thin bit of string. I pulled down and was rewarded " if you could call it that " with a sight I had not seen since 1991 " I did the quick metal count " twenty five fucking years!

There is no fucking way this is happening I thought.

In the dim light thrown by the bulb, I slowly sat up " mindful of the steps above me " and looked down at my naked torso. What I saw made me both shiver with revulsion and forced the red mist of total and utter anger to descend on me.

My under fed, emaciated torso that was covered in a roadmap of scars that had been caused from everything from belt buckles and electrical cords, to kitchen and box knives, riding crops (don't ask) and electric shocks " from when dear old fucking Vernon decided to try out a scene from the first Lethal Weapon movie, was revealed to my furious gaze.

"Get out here now you lazy freak." Was screamed from the direction I now know for sure is the kitchen.

Diddykins, do mommy a favour please pet and go and drag the freak in here. He has to cook breakfast." The despised voice dripped with malice. There was a scaping of a chair been kicked back from a table, followed by the sound of pounding feet getting closer to where I lay.

I reached for my glasses and swivelled around on the thin camping mattress that was all that I had for a bed when I still lived with " and for some fucking reason, I seem to be back here again " the Dursleys. I pulled my legs back against my chest and just as the door was starting to open, I let fly with both of my legs, putting as much force as my undernourished body could muster into the kick.

My timing was spot on. Just as fucking Dudley bent down to yank the door open, my kick sent the edge of it straight into his nose - which

immediately erupted with blood " and forehead.

The force of the impact succeeded in shoving the fat little fuck bag into the wall, where his flight was abruptly halted. But not before the back of his head bounced off the wall with enough force to knock his sorry ass out cold.

"Diddykins!" came an anguished shriek from the kitchen, which was closely followed but the clicking sound of high hells " seriously? Fucking high heels in the house, in the fucking morning? It's not even 0800 yet.

I managed to extract my skinny little ass out of the cramped cupboard just as the door to the kitchen swung open. Standing in shocked silence was the face of one of the people that I hated most in the entire fucking world.

Petunia Fucking Dursley !

"What have you done you little shit?" she screamed at me. She started towards me and I stepped on my cousin as I moved backwards towards the door to give myself some room to move.

I will admit that I did make sure that I bounced on the fat fucks head as I went past. Yes I will admit it was petty, but I have never claimed to be perfect!

I came up on my toes, turned slightly side on, bought my hands up into my preferred combat stance and prepared to kick her fucking teeth out through her asshole.

I didn't even think of using magic. There were some things that just had to be taken apart by hand.

Just as just as the long necked bitch reached her precious spawn there was a sound that resembled a distant cannon, and a force of something passed through the air. Petunia seemed to freeze half way to her knees and a form shimmered into existence behind my relatives. The sudden appearance of a strange looking boy with wavy golden yellow hair and with a complexion and face that was almost too perfect to be heterosexual, wearing a white cloak and carrying a staff that was capped with a red stone the size of a baseball, as well as sporting a massive fucking pair of wings caused me too instantly go into full combat mode.

I opened up my magical core and sucked as much magic into both my hands as possible. The rush was better than any pepper-up potion or lap dance " Don't judge me. There was now a green glow surrounding my hands up to the wrists, whose colour greatly resembled that of the killing curse.

Yes it can be cast windlessly - and non-verbally - if you have enough power and hate. Trust me, I've got both power and hate up the fucking Xinyang.

I am also more than slightly surprised that the twenty odd layers of magical bindings that Goat Fucker Dumbledore had compressing my core didn't seem to be in this incarnation of my younger body any more.

I didn't find out about the bindings until I was almost thirty two.

My rage when I discovered this forced me to do something really fucking stupid.

I didn't bother asking for help from anyone â€“ Hermione and Luna had been dead for years by that stage. I just went and looked in the combined Potter-Black Library for a something that would release them. I found a spell, and without reading any further than the title â€“ Destroy Magical Bindings - I raised my wand and cast it.

Dumbass.

The release of my magic when the bindings came undone was / is / whatever the fuck is currently going on the reason why there is no more Potter Manor, and the grounds look like ground zero from a nuke detonation.

Yep, pretty much not my best day ever. Seven hundred years of Potter history and memorabilia wiped off the face of the planet because the current Lord of the smoking crater had a dummy spit over the actions of a corpseâ€!

Remind me to tell you what can be done with The Resurrection Stone, three drops of The Elixir of Life and half of a particular necromantic ritual.

Good timesâ€!

The Lockhart looking mother fucker tapped his staff on the floor beside him and let it go. The staff obediently hovered a few inches off the floor. He did this while not breaking eye contact.

I guess I was supposed to be impressedâ€!

Remind me to act impressed next time please someone?

He slowly raised both his hands, palms towards me showing that he wasn't holding anything. I still didn't relax. With the right wand holsters, empty hands can have a wand in them and firing off spells within two or three seconds.

Believe me it can be done. I can get both my wands into my hands and a pair of reductors heading downrange â€“ or towards a person â€“ in two point three seconds.

"Peace Harry." His voice was calm, commanding, expecting instant obedience. And it immediately pissed me off.

"What do you want goldilocks?" I demanded. The green glow of my hands not wavering. "You are ensuring that a perfectly fucked up morning becomes a worse than fucked up morning."

He gave me a look of frustration and turned towards the kitchen door. He waved his hand and a plush comfy looking lounge chair appeared right in front of the door.

He turns back to me and with a sigh, retracts his wings and settles into the chair and places both hands palm down on the arm rests.

I still don't relax. From a seated position, the time it takes to

draw and fire slows to just under three seconds â€“ two point nine to be exact.

"One last time Goldilocks." He snorts and his lips turn upwards into a smile. "What the fuck do you want?"

"Do you not want to know who I am Harry?" He asks me in a tired sounding voice.

"You could not begin to count the amount of fucks that I don't give." I snap back at him. "All I know is that I was happily sitting in the cinemas watching a movie after a really shitty fucking week. Next thing I know, is that I am back in that motherfucking cupboard and I appear to be eleven again." I pause to take a breath.

"You want to get to explaining why I seemed to have been blasted quarter of a century into a past I really didn't want to live the first time, let alone have go through the entire fucking experience again."

His shoulders seemed to slump slightly and he raised a hand towards me.

Perceiving a threat, I instantly throw both my hands forwards releasing the killing curses straight at the peacock. I fling myself onto my back to avoid whatever spell he has launched at me.

There is another cannon sound and a pulse of energy races through the atmosphere and the pair of killing curses stop only two feet from the seated man. I continue my fall, rolling backwards and pushing myself up onto my feet, both hands glowing with green once again.

"Enough." The young man's voice cracked like a whip. If it was meant to impress me, it didn't. I can put magical power into my voice as well. He waved his hand and both the green streaks of light that would have ended him vanished.

I blinked. That bit of magic did impress me.

I was also frozen in place, the two new curses in my hands had also vanished. I realised I possibly had a real problem when I found that I couldn't access my magical core.

Ok, time to go all muggle on this poncy Lockhart looking mother fucker.

I must have been projecting my thoughts past my occlumency barriers, because he sighed again, raised his face towards the ceiling and said in a tired voice. "Why me?"

There was a giggle that seemed to come from everywhere at once and a young girl's voice echoes around the room.

"You know we need him Gabriel." The voice answered.

"I know my Lady, but isn't there someone else we can Tap? His language is hardly suitable, he has no patients and his heart is full of rage, pain and hate." Now completely ignoring me, he carries on the conversation with whoever the fuck he was complaining too.

"You forgot he also a massive cock." I comment from the peanut gallery.

Goldilocks makes a sound of exasperation. "Language please." He pleads with me.

"Suck a cock." I waspishly answer. Yes the movie I had been watching when I got fisted back in time was Deadpool. I will gloss over the fact that I was watching it for the fourth time. If he launches into a 'four or five moments' monologue I was going to get a kitchen knife and slash my fucking wrists.

The young voice giggles again at the exasperation on this Gabriel dudes face. Fucker even has a chick's name.

He starts massaging his temples.

"The hate and rage are all things that will help him to achieve his true calling." The voice continues.

"But he is in so much pain." Gabriel responds.

"Well if you would loosen whatever the fuck you have me tied up like BDSM submissive with, I would be in a lot less pain." I snarl at him. "Fucking Muppet." I mutter under my breath.

"My Lady, I am sorry, however I cannot deal with this human." He stands up and his chair vanishes. "I find him totally unsuitable for his tasks."

My bindings vanish and my link to my core is re-established. I ignore the rantings of the pretty boy and concentrate on the fact that the littlest fuck bag is still frozen in position. I calmly walk over to Dud and poke him with my foot, noticing that he is still warm and his skin is as pudgy as ever.

A grin forms on my face as I realise the potential in this.

I carefully position the ball â€“ his fat fucking melon head â€“ take a few steps back to the front door and with a negligent wave of my hand the sounds of a rugby crowd can be heard in the room.

"In his debutant year with Saracens Rugby, Fly Half kicking sensation Harry Potter lines up for the shot of his career. If this goes over, Saracens will be safe from relegation."

Gabriel suddenly looks up at the noise and he is a few seconds slow to catch on to what I had planned.

Even with bare feet, the sound my instep made when it connected with Dudley's head was fucking awesome. I collected him just on the jaw bone. His head snapped back and he slammed into his bitch of a mother.

The collision had the added effect of guaranteeing that they both fell back onto Gabriel, ensuring that he too ended up flat on his ass wedged between the door frame and the wall with Petunia lying in his lap.

I looked down at the sprawled dude with his dress up around his

waist.

"NO MORE!" was the bellow from the pissed off pretty boy as with a surge of power he regained his feet.

It might have sounded more impressive if it didn't squeak a bit at the end. Poor little princess still hasn't finished puberty yet.

Highly embarrassing.

That thought forces me to suddenly shiver and pull the front of my pyjama bottoms out looking down at what was supposed to be there. And it was " thank fuck. Just a lot smaller and not a hair in sight.

Mother fucker is going to pay for forcing me to go through puberty again, I promise myself.

"POTTER." Snarls Gabriel. The tone of his voice forces me to look at him. The dude managed to put a Snape-esq snarl into the pronunciation of my last name.

Good job little man.

"Before I depart, I will inform you of just who I am, and the opportunity you have just squandered." He drew himself up to a pretty impressive height. He got the wing action happening as well which added to the impressive show. A golden halo also appeared just above his head and started to pulse with light.

"I am the Archangel Gabriel." He intoned. Sounding very Percy Weaselish. "It was decided that due to the events that happened during your lifetime that you would be given another chance to correct the wrongs that were enforced upon you."

"This would enable mankind to proceed along its pre-ordained path, a path that was deviated from by the actions of Tom Marvolo Riddle, as well as the follow on actions of Albus Dumbledore."

He drew a breath and continued with his pompous sermon.

Fucking God Botherers.

"What did you just say?" He screams at me, getting so close that I had to look up into eyes that are now burning with rage.

I give him a shove and at the unexpected contact he takes a half step back.

Hey I was back in the body of my eleven year old self.

Blow me.

"Fuck off Gabby." I snarl right back. "You know dam well I didn't say a fucking thing out loud. You have been raping my mind and reading my every thought all morning."

"I love how you implied that YOU were going to give graciously me the chance to unfuck a world that you cock smokers let go to shit in the

first place." I shook my head. Once again I was asking to be bent over and shafted to fix someone else's fuck ups."

I pull down my pyjama bottoms and turn my ass towards the now fuming angel. I bend forwards and pull my ass cheeks apart. "Do you want to fuck me properly instead?" I ask looking back over my shoulder. "Just do me the courtesy of using lube. My asshole isn't as big as it used to be since I woke up in this body. You don't have to be gentle. Wizarding society has been fucking me in the ass since I first went to Hogwarts." I pause and take a breath and pull my pants back up.

"On second thoughts, you look rather large, maybe you should wait until I've been back at Hogwarts for a few months. My ass should be loosened up pretty good by then."

Gabriel reared back as if struck. He drew his hand back as if to hit me. I just stood my ground and looked him straight in the eye. I made sure that he saw in my mind that if his hit did connect, that I would do everything in my power to cut the fucking wings of his smouldering corpse.

I also allowed him to see that he had allowed me to get in so close to him that all I would have to do was call the sword of Gryffindor and I could have beheaded him where he stood, and there was not a fucking thing he could have done to stop me.

Side note. Beheading is the only way to actually kill an Angel. The only way to make them mortal is to cut off their wings.

According to legend, it would also damn me for eternity. Meh, I've already heard Justin Bieber sing. So that must give me purgatory XP.

He shuddered, stepped back as much as the hallway would allow and lowered his hand. His wings disappear and he looks defeated. "You really do not care do you?" He took a deep breath. "You have absolutely no belief in anything but your own abilities and your total disregard for anyone other than yourself is astounding."

He sank to the ground in shock.

Ok, I'm not trying to sound Emo or totally narcissistic, but let me give you a quick run-down on the Life and Times of Harry Potter.

Working title; Please use lubeâ€|

I spent the first eleven years of my life stuck in this cunt of a place, with the fucking Dursleys. I then spent the next eight years as the wizarding world's bitch. After getting totally fucked off with magicals, I upped and joined the British Army about six months after graduating Hogwarts when I was eighteen. And I finally found something that I excelled at.

I became a Combat Medical Technician

Within three years I put in a request to be part of an exchange program with the American Airforce Para Rescue Jumpers (PJ) and I was accepted. It took another two years, but by the time I was twenty

five, I was one of the most highly trained combat rescue medics in the British Army.

I saw service in Afghanistan, Iraq and a few other places that I am not allowed to talk about.

I ended up attached to the SBS â€“ the maritime version of the SAS (I don't know how that happened, it just did). I became even more proficient in the art of covert small team operations. A year or so after starting work for the SBS, I received a visit from a man and a woman who appeared to be in their mid-forties.

They gave me a job interview telling me that they represented the magical department that combined both MI-5 and MI-6 (5 is internal security like the FBI and -6 is the CIA equivalent. Think James Bond).

So I ended up working for MI-7. We used a combination of magical and non-magical weapons to achieve whatever our mission is. Regardless of if that is recon, infiltration, hostage rescue or assassination â€“ don't be squeamish, someone has to deal with wanna be dark lords.

Don't even get me started on the shit fit I had with 'management' over them not assisting me with Voldefuckbag.

It was around this time that I got word that Hermione and Luna had been killed.

Murdered.

There were no leads.

No suspects.

Nothing.

They were lesbians and one was a mudblood.

No one cared.

The two people that I had left that could keep a slight lid on my particular brand of insanity â€“ I blew up Potter Manor remember?

The two were happily married and had been together since our fifth year. Due to the extreme prejudice of the magical world, we created a sham three way marriage when we went back for our second attempt at seventh year.

As I was head of both the Ancient and Noble Houses of Potter and Black, magical stupidity declared that I needed a wife for each house.

Ummmm, can't I just have two offspring?

Apparently not.

I was surrounded by assholes. (Why does that little voice sound like Lord Helmet?)

We had a suite of rooms which allowed the girls to openly be together. I was occasionally invited into their bed and we all enjoyed the experience immensely. But it was always just as friends. Don't get me wrong, I loved both Luna and Mione, but I was too badly damaged emotionally to be the husband that these two most incredible women needed.

So I was the next best thing.

Their best friend, and occasional lover.

I knew that their murders had been organised by Ron and Seamus. Weasley always wanted Mione " in a rather creepy stalker way, and Seamus for some reason wanted Luna.

This went on for years. The stalking, the Howlers, the attacks on the wards " although that stopped when I added a defence to the wards that made the attacker feel like they were being hit with a Voldeturd version of the cruciatus.

Funnily enough, the two fuck wits only attempted to breech the wards around the Rookery three times before they stopped.

The Wizengamot tried to have the girls arrested for that particular ward, but I fudged the castings histories on the ward stone for the Rookery so it appeared that the ward was cast years before that spell was declared an unforgivable.

With Luna being the only remaining Lovegood and especially so young, how can she be expected to decipher all of the rune sets on her families ward stone?

I then asked the question, how did it become known that the cruciatus ward was on the property? Who had tried to breech the wards on the Rookery? It is a known fact that most Ancient and Noble families homes are layered with intent based defences.

If you had no ill intent towards the person or persons inside the warded area, you never had to worry. If your intentions were less than pure" well you get the idea.

Weasley and Finnigan managed to bullshit their way out of trouble. It helped that Percy Weasley was the chief ass licker and all round bum bitch for the minister. He managed to dodgy up the paperwork so it ended up being a mistrial.

And of course if you are a Pure Blood and have the ear of the minister " or at least his cock half way down your throat - we can't have double jeopardy.

Of course not.

Is it any wonder why I left that fucking world behind?

I won't go into too many details " unless you really want me too. But suffice it to say that not long after the girls were murdered, both Weasley and Finnigan managed to somehow get themselves skinned alive and had a combination of salt and acid dumped over their bodies continuously for seven weeks before they had their throats slit.

Or so I was toldâ€¡

Any who, back to our favourite gameshow of 'Who Is Going to Fuck Harry This Week'.

When I was last watching Deadpool, it was a few months before my thirty seventh birthday. Apparently it is only a few days before I am supposed to turn eleven if memory serves.

I turn back to the, I suppose Angel still sitting in a heap on the floor. "Not meaning to be rude or anything mate." I pause and he looks me dead in the eye. "Take your imaginary giggling friend and fuck off. I don't want the shit you're selling."

With that pronouncement, I turn my back on the crumpled form of my 'family' make sure I bounce on Fuckleys head as I walk towards the door. I absently wave my hand over my body, completing a permanent conjuration that gave me black jeans, a black tee-shirt and a pair of black combat boots.

I open the door and without looking back I step onto Privet drive for the first time in almost twenty years. As I walk I notice that just like inside the house, everything on the outside is frozen in time.

I walk on to the footpath, visualise where I want to go and then I draw in a lot more magic than I really need.

With a sound that was almost like an explosion, I disapearate from Privet drive and the shockwave caused the front windows of number four to detonate inwards.

Fuck emâ€¡

Thanks for readingâ€¡

End
file.